

Come alive in the digital sun  
We survive on the radiation  
Seasons don't change in the artificial brain  
Synthetic pleasure and pain  
They all feel the same

Reprogrammed, memory disease  
Not a trance of individuality  
No heartbeat, subject deceased  
Rise again in the image of the three/free (?)

Gave away our sight to see what we've become  
Optical nerve blinded with the silicon  
We're already dead, shut down the mainframe  
Mass murder, revenge, it all ends the same

A body occupied, but there's nothing inside  
No one to prophecy  
What is left for me?  
Assisted suicide, bodies in formaldehyde  
What is next for me?

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See what's left of me